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POETRY.

In the Last Pew.

She sits, bent o'er with wrinkled face,
Poor and forlornly old; no grace
Smooths the sharp angles of her form,
Long buffeted by life's slow storm,
All else around is fine and fair;
The stained light falls a golden glare,
In seeming mockery on her loose gray hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,
And how all souls should be content
With these good blessings God has sent;
And one of all that self-poised throng
Hangs on his words nor deems them long,
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn,
Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim;
What can their gay world hold for her—
This worn and weary worshiper?
Now, rustling down the aisles in pride,
They toss bright smiles on every side:
Nor does she know the hearts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits with tear-wet face,
As loth to leave that sacred place;
The organ, with quick thunders riven,
Lifts her sad, trembling soul to Heaven;
She feels a sense of blissful rest,
Her bony hands across her breast
She clasps and slowly sighs: "God knoweth best."

One day, within some grander gate
Where kings and ministers must wait,
While she hopes humbly for low place
Far from the dear Lord's shining face,
Above the chant of Heavenly choir
These words may sound with gracious fire;
"Well done, good, faithful servant, come up higher."

STORY TELLER.

THE SEVERED HEAD.

I was born in Constantinople. My father was dragoman of the port, and carried on a profitable business in silk and perfumes. He gave me a good education, and as I showed ability I was sent to Paris to study medicine, where I remained three years and learned all that a good physician must know. I made few friends, and was finally overpowered by homesickness. As I heard nothing from my father, I seized an opportunity to return as surgeon in the train of a French embassy.

I found my father dead, and the priest said, "Your father died a holy man, for he bequeathed us his money for alms." This was incomprehensible, yet what could I do? I had no witness against him, and must be glad he did not look upon the house and my father's merchandise as legacies also. I gained no reputation as a physician, because I was ashamed to make a mountebank of myself. I sorely missed my father, who would have led me among the rich and great, who now had no thought for the poor Zalenkos. My father's goods found no sale either, for his patronage had departed elsewhere after his death, and new trade comes slowly. Discouraged, I was once meditating over my situation, when it occurred to me that I had seen my countrymen traveling in France, with goods which sold at a great profit because they were foreign. So I sold my family mansion, left half the proceeds in charge of a faithful friend, and with the remainder bought things which are rare in France, such as shawls, silks, salves and oils. I then embarked again for France.

My luck changed at once. The voyage was quick and prosperous. I traveled through the large and small French cities, and found ready customers for my wares. My friend sent me a fresh stock of goods, and I made money. My success encouraged me to go to Italy. My medical knowledge aided me greatly! On reaching a town I would announce the arrival of a Greek doctor who had cured many people, and my balsams and medicines brought money. So I came at last to Florence. I decided to remain here a long time, partly because I liked the city, and partly to recover from the fatigue of travel. I hired a shop in the St. Croce quarter, and two rooms opening on a balcony in a hotel near by. I then distributed circulars, advertising myself as physician and merchant, and had scarcely opened my shop before it was thronged.

I had been in Florence four days, when one night, after closing my shop and waiting only to take my usual account of stock, I found in a little box a note which I did not remember having put there. I opened it, and found an invitation to be on the bridge called Ponte Vecchio, that night punctually at twelve. I resolved to go, and, as a precaution, to take my sabre.

When it was nearly midnight I started and soon reached the Ponte Vecchio. I looked down on the shimmering waves of the Arno. The church bells rang twelve. I looked around and before me stood a large man wholly enveloped in a red cloak, a corner of which he held before his face. At first I was startled at his sudden appearance behind me, but I collected myself, and said:

"If you called me here, state what you desire."

The red cloak turned, and exclaimed in a low voice: "Follow!"

Uneasy at going alone with the unknown, I stood still and said: "Not so, dear sir, until you first tell me whither. Can you not show me your face?"

But red cloak replied with coldness: "If you will not go, Zalenkos, stay here," and turned to depart.

This angered me. "Do you think," I cried, "a man like me allows himself to be humbugged by any fool, and do you think I have waited this cold night for nothing?"

In three bounds I had reached him. I grasped his cloak and laid my other hand on my sabre; but the cloak remained in my hand and the unknown had vanished round the next corner. My rage gradually cooled. Still I had the cloak, and it should give me the key to this astonishing adventure. I put it on and went home. When I was scarcely a hundred steps distant from my house some one brushed against me, and whispered in French: "Be careful, Count, there can be nothing done to-night." Before I could look around the person was already gone, and I saw only a shadow shifting along the houses. I examined the cloak more closely. It was of heavy Genoese silk, purplish red, bordered with astrachan, and richly embroidered with gold. Its magnificent appearance gave me an idea which I resolved to carry out. I took it to my shop and exposed it for sale, but set so high a price upon it that I was sure to find no purchaser. My design was to scrutinize sharply every one who asked its price, for the distinct though fleeting glimpse I had had of the stranger's figure after he lost the cloak, would enable me to recognize him among a thousand.

It remained in my window all day, admired by all. At last, toward evening, a young man came in who had often been there, and who had that day talked much about the cloak. He threw a purse of zechins on the counter, and cried:

"By heaven! Zalenkos, I must have your cloak if it beggars me!"

He began at once counting out his gold pieces. I was greatly embarrassed. I had exhibited the cloak merely to catch the eye of the unknown, and here came a young fool to pay the exorbitant price. What could I do? I yielded, for, at all events, I was glad to get such payment for my night's adventure.

The young man put on the cloak and departed; but, on the threshold, he turned, while he loosened a paper fastened to the cloak and threw it to me, saying:

"Here, Zalenkos, hangs something which does not belong to the cloak."

I languidly picked it up, but, behold, there was written:

"Bring the cloak to-night, at the same hour, to the Ponte Vecchio. Four hundred zechins, await you."

I was thunderstruck. But I did not reflect long. I gathered up the two hundred zechins and ran after the young man.

"Take your money again, good friend," I said, "and return me the cloak. I can not possibly let it go."

At first he thought it was a joke, but when he saw I was serious, he flew into a passion, and called me a fool. We came to blows, and I tore the cloak away and would have run off with it, but he called the police, and we were taken to the court. The judge was astonished at the complaint, and adjudged the cloak to my foe.

I offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, yes, a hundred zechins above his two hundred, if he would let met have the garment. What my prayers would not accomplish my gold worked. He took my money, and I triumphantly carried away the cloak. I waited impatiently till midnight. At the same hour as on the previous night I carried the cloak under my arm to the Ponte Vecchio. At the last stroke of twelve a form emerged from the darkness, unmistakably the man of yesterday.

"Have you got the cloak?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "but it cost me a hundred zechins, cash."

"I know it," he answered. "See, here are four hundred."

He stepped with me to the broad railing of the bridge, and counted down the gold pieces. There were four hundred. They shone splendidly in the moonlight, and their glitter rejoiced my heart. I pocketed my money, and tried to look more closely at the unknown, but he wore a mask, from which dark eyes darted sinister glances.

"I thank you, sir, for your goodness," I said. "What do you want now of me? But, as I told you before, it must be nothing wrong."

"Your fears are unnecessary," he answered, while he threw the cloak round his shoulders. "I require your help as a physician, yet not for the living, but for the dead."

"How can that be?" I cried in amazement.

"I came with my sister from a distant land," he said, beckoning me to follow him. "We resided here with a friend of our family. My sister died suddenly yesterday, of an illness, and the relatives want to bury her to-morrow. It is a rule with our family that all shall repose in the ancestral vault. I shall let my relatives retain her body, but I must carry to my father his daughter's head, that he may see her."

The idea of decapitating a woman was terrible to me, but I dared not to object, for fear of offending the unknown. So I told him I was familiar with the process of embalming, and begged him to lead the way. Still I could not help asking why this must all be done so secretly and at night.

He said his purpose was abhorrent to the relatives, who, if it were done by day would prevent it. But only once have the head removed, and they could say no more. He would have brought the head to me, but a brother's scruples restrained him from severing it.

At last we reached a splendid mansion, which my companion pointed out as our destination. We passed the main entrance, entered a small door, which the unknown carefully closed behind him, and in darkness climbed a narrow stairway leading to a dimly lighted hall. Passing through this, we arrived at a room lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. In the room stood a bed, on which lay the corpse. The unknown averted his face to conceal his emotion. He pointed to the bed and, telling me to do my business well and quickly, left the room.

I drew out the knife which, as surgeon, I always carried with me, and approached the bed. Only the head of the corpse was visible, but this was so beautiful that the deepest compassion seized me. The dark hair hung down in long braids, the face was pale, the eyes were closed. I first made an incision in the skin, after the manner of surgeons when they amputate a limb; then I took my sharp knife and, with one blow, cut through the throat.

But, to my horror, the woman opened her eyes, immediately closed them again, and, in one deep groan, breathed her last. At the same instant a torrent of hot blood shot toward me from the wound.

I had killed the poor creature! I stood some minutes in frightful anxiety. Then, overpowered with terror, I rushed shuddering from the room. But the hall was dark, the light was extinguished, no trace of my companion was discovered, and I groped haphazard along the wall to find the stairs. I reached them at last, and descended, half falling, half sliding. There was no one below. I found the door only latched, and I at once gained the street. Spurred by fear, I ran to my home, and buried myself in bed to forget my horrible deed. But sleep was out of the question, and soon morning warned me to deliberate on my situation. It seemed likely that the man who had persuaded me into committing what now appearanced a madman's deed, would not accuse me. I resolved to open my shop, and, as far as possible, appear unconcerned.

But, alas! a new circumstance increased the hedge of difficulties. My cap and my belt, also my knife, were missing, and I was uncertain whether I had left them in the chamber of the dead or lost them in my flight.

I opened my shop at the usual time. A neighbor, passing by, exclaimed:

"Oh! what do you think of the terrible murder that occurred last night?"

I feigned ignorance.

"What! Don't you know that the Flower of Florence, Bianca, the governor's daughter, was assassinated last night? I saw her only yesterday, going gaily through the streets with her betrothed, for to-day was to have been her wedding day."

Each word was a stab. All my acquaintances in town came and told me the same story, each version more dreadful than the last, but none so awful as what I had seen. About noon an officer came and took me aside.

"Signor Zalenkos," he said, drawing forth the articles I had missed, "do these things belong to you?"

I considered whether I should deny it, but as I saw through the half-open door my landlord and other acquaintances who could testfy against me, I decided not to make matters worse by a lie, and therefore acknowledged the ownership. The officer took me to prison. Two hours after my arrest I was led from my cell, down many stairs to a great hall. Twelve old men sat around a long table draped in black. Seats around three sides of the hall were filled with the most distinguished people of Florence. The upper galleries were crowded with spectators. When I approached the table, a man with a grave, sad demeanor arose; it was the governor. He spoke to the assemblage, saying that he, as father of the murdered girl, could not act as judge on this occasion, and would therefore yield his position to the oldest of the senators. This was a man of at least ninety years, but his eyes were fiery and his voice was strong. He began by asking me if I committed the murder. I begged for a hearing, and related boldly and distinctly what I had done and what I knew. During my story the governor was alternately pale and red, and, as I concluded, started up in a frenzy:

"Monster!" he cried; so you would lay a crime that you committed from avarice upon some one else?"

The senator rebuked him for interposing, since he had voluntarily resigned his rights. It was not shown that I acted from covetousness, for by his own statement nothing had been stolen from the dead. He went further, and declared that the governor must give an account of his daughter's early life, for only thus could it be decided whether I had told the truth or not. He adjourned court to examine the murdered girl's letters, delivered to him by her father. I was led back to prison, where I passed a sad day, only hoping that some connection might be discovered between the dead woman and the man of the red cloak.

Next day I hopefully entered the court-room. Many letters lay on the table. The old senator asked me whether they were in my hand-writing. I looked at them and found they were written by the same hand who wrote me the two notes. I told the senators this, but they did not heed, and said I must have written them, as the signature was "Z," the initial letter of my name. But the letters contained threats against the life of the dead girl and warnings against her approaching wedding.

The governor seemed to have some mysterious imformation concerning me. They dealt with me suspiciously and rigorously. To vindicate myself I called for my papers, which must be in my room, but was told they had sought there and found nothing. So all hope vanished.

The third day I was convicted of premeditated murder, and the death sentence was read. I had come to this—forsaken, far from home, to die in my prime by the axe!

The evening of the dreadful day that decided my fate I sat in my solitary cell, thinking on my coming death, when the door opened and a man entered who contemplated me in silence for some time.

"Is it in this plight I find you again, Zalenkos?"

I had not recognized him by my dim lamp, but the sound of his voice revived old memories. It was Valetty one of the few friends I knew during my student life in Paris. He said he happened to come to Florence, where his father resided who was a man of great respectability. He had heard my story, and came to see me once more and learn from me how I could have committed so awful a deed.

I told him all about it. He was amazed, and adjoured me to tell him, my sole friend, everything, and not pass away with falsehood on my lips. I swore to him by the holiest oaths that I spoke the truth, that my only error was in being so blinded by the glint of gold that I had not seen the improbability of the unknown's story.

"So you never knew Bianca?" he asked.

I assured him I had never seen her. Valetty now told me that a deep mystery shrouded the air. The governor had hastened my trial, and there was a rumor that I had long known Bianca, and had murdered her from revenge for her marrying another. I told him this all fitted the red cloak, but I could not prove his share in the deed. Greatly moved, Valetty embraced me, and promised to do everything to save my life.

I had little hope, but I knew Valetty was wise and understood law, and would do all he could to rescue me. At last Valetty appeared.

"I bring encouragement yet of a painful sort. You will live and be set at liberty, but with one hand."

Overcome with emotion I thanked my friend for having saved my life. He said the governor had been inexorable and would not allow another trial; but finally, not to appear unjust, he had agreed that if a similar case could be found among the Florentine archives my punishment might be the same which had been inflicted. Valetty and his father had been reading the old records day and night, and at last had found a precisely similar case, where the sentence ran:

His left hand must be cut off, his property confiscated, and he himself forever banished.

So ran my sentence now, and I was to prepare immediately for the fearful ordeal which awaited me. I will not describe the horror of the scene when I stood in the open market place and laid my hand on the block, where the life-blood leaped from me in torrents.

Valetty took me to his house until I recovered, and then generously provided me with money for traveling expenses, since all my property had been seized by law.

I went to Sicily and took the first ship for Constantinople. My hope now lay in the sum I had given my friend. I begged him to let me reside with him, but he astonished me by asking why I did not go to my own house. He said a stranger man had bought in my name a house in the Greek quarter, and the neighbors said I was coming soon. I went immediately with my friend and was welcomed by old acquaintances. One of the merchants gave me a letter, which the man who bought the house left for me. I read:

ZALENKOS: Two hands are ready to work without ceasing that you may not feel the loss of one. The house and all in it are yours, and each year you will receive enough to place you among the richest of your people. Forgive one who is more unfortunate than you.

I could not imagine who had written it. The merchant answered my question with: "He appeared to be a Frenchman; he wore a red cloak."

I knew enough to understand that the unknown was not quite lost to all honorable feeling. I found everything in my new house arranged in the best manner, and a shop stocked with goods finer than I ever had.

Ten years have passed, and more from habit than necessity, I go on my journeys with my wares; but I have never again seen the land of my great misfortune. Every year I receive a thousand gold pieces. But the burden on my soul cannot be lifted. The terrible picture of the murdered Bianca is forever in my mind.
—*Translated from the German.*

Timid People.

There are a class of timid people who hardly dare go away without buying something. They tremble at sight of a waiter, and fee him, and patiently take what he places before them, never grumbling. They reverence a conductor or brakeman, as if he were a prime minister, and are filled with glory if he only does not put them off the car. They always take the poorest seat for fear people will think them selfish; and if a snowball hits them on the head, they turn and smile a vote of thanks to the hoodlum who threw it. They are not Uriah Heeps, but honest, worthy, good hearted people, who admire the saucy ones. But away down in their hearts there is a spirit of Wild Bill, and once in a while, when too much imposed upon, they rise up and spill things.

The average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day Sunday squeezed into a buggy seat beside her young man and not find the least fault.

"No, sir," said the phyiscian who had worked over the Texas man fished out of the water unconscious. "I never could have brought him back to life. If that circus procession hadn't passed, he never would have regained consciousness."

A Story of Steel Pens.

Few persons who use steel pens on which is stamped "Gillott" have any idea of the story of suffering, of indomitable pluck and persistence, which belong to the placing of that name on this article.

A long depression in trade in England threw thousands of Sheffield mechanics out of work, among them Jos. Gillott, then twenty-one years of age.

He left the city with but a shilling in his pocket. Reaching Birmingham, he went into an inn, and sat down upon a wooden settee in the tap-room. His last penny was spent for a roll. He was weak, hungry and ill. He had not a friend in Birmingham; and there was little chance that he would find work.

In his despondency he was tempted to give up, and turn beggar or tramp. Then a sudden fiery energy seized him. He brought his fist down on the table, declaring to himself that he would try and trust in God, come what would. He found work that day in making belt buckles, which were then fashionable.

As soon as he had saved a pound or two, he hired a garret in Bread street and there carried on work for himself, bringing his taste and knowledge of tools into constant use, even when working at hand-made goods. This was the secret of Gillot's success. Other workmen drudged on passively in the old ruts. He was wide-awake, eager to himself his work, or to shorten the way of working.

He fell in love with a pretty and sensible girl named Mitchell, who with her brother was making steel pens. Each pen was then clipped, punched, and polished by hand, and pens were sold consequently at enormously high prices.

Gillott at once brought his skill in tools to bear on the matter, and soon invented a machine which turned the points out by thousands, in the time that a man would require to make one. He married Miss Mitchell, and they carried on the manufacture together for years.

On the morning of his marriage, the industrious young workman made a gross of pens, and sold them for thirty-six dollars to pay the wedding fees. In his old age, having then reaped an enormous fortune by his shrewdness, honesty and industry, Mr. Gillott went again to the old inn, bought the settee, and had the square on which he sat sawed out and made into a chair, which he left as an heirloom to the family, to remind them of the secret of his success.

Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A cubit is two feet.
A space is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10½ inches.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
A great cubit is eleven feet.
There are 2,759 languages.
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.
Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
A day's journey is 32½ miles.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.
A tub of water weighs 84 pounds.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.
The average of human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 300 pounds.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
A mile is 5,280, or 1,760 yards in length.

Money Under a Trunk.

George I. Langley and John R. Burge were engaged a day or two ago to remove a worn-out punching machine in the canceling room of the Treasury Department. The punch is used to cancel paper money as it becomes old. It lacerates the money in such a manner as to destroy it forever. In the corner of the canceling room stands an old trunk. It has not been disturbed for many years, and the janitors, with commendable thrift, carefully deposited their sweepings under it.

On the day the workmen commenced operations there the rubbish had been piled so high that it was found necessary to remove it. Langley began the work. After removing several hundred old annual reports and a stack of circulars, his attention was attracted by a small dark-colored package, covered an inch deep with dust. Taking the package up, he was astonished to find that it was a bundle of brand-new one-dollar bills.

There were 10,000 of them—more money than the workman had ever dreamed of having. He was unobserved, and could have slipped the bills under his coat. He, however, delivered them up at once to one of the officials.

The Treasury officials are not anxious to talk about the matter. That so large a sum could be lost and not missed displays a remarkably loose system of book-keeping. If the bills had been called in for cancellation, the tallies that are kept of cancellations should have discovered the deficit. If taken from the vaults, the system of checks in vogue there ought to have made known the loss. It was reported that the money was part of the Ottoman compromise fund, and had been placed there for safe keeping by the Attorney-General and George Bliss. This report is not believed, however. The matter is undergoing a strict investigation, and it is probable that some explanation of it will be made. Langley received no reward for his honesty.

Bill Nye's Hornets.

Last fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather and hung it in my cabinet by a string. When warm weather came something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding-doors and tell my wife about it.

Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they are so sensitive? You have to be very guarded in your conduct towards a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything else, and he came and lit on my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks, my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat.

Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way, after all, that is forever new.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

The man with the biggest bible in his window is not always the safest person to give credit to.

The consciousness of wrongdoing is to the soul what a forgotten peg in a boot is to the foot. You can't be happy until you do something about it.

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Miss Fuller's Poems.

POETRY of any kind written by a deaf person is correctly considered a rarity, but if it exhibits evidences o talent and true poetical genius, it is very rare indeed. It was, therefore, with feelings of pleasure and gratification and interest that we read the volume of poetry called "The Venture," lately published by Miss Angie Fuller. Although we had read many of the poems when first composed, still by far the greater number were new to us. The poems are classified as follows: 1, Poems of the Deaf and Dumb; 2, Temperance poems; 3, Local poems: 4, Miscellaneous poems. The poetry relating to the deaf and dumb is especially interesting, telling in metre smooth and in words that touch the heart, the story of occurrences with which deaf-mutes are familiar. Referring to the pioneers of deaf-mute education, Miss Fuller brings a thrill responsive to every grateful heart, when she says:

"Write, proudly write their names, GALLAUDET, CLERC,
Paint them in letters of the richest gold,
Carve them in marble, mention them in verse
Of grandest measure, and have often told
In prose most eloquent, how they have wrought
Emancipation from a bondage dire,
Have given to Heaven-created will and thought
Power to reach outward, onward, and aspire
With hopes of realization, to great heights
Of all that here ennobles and delights.

"Call them philanthropists or call them friends,
But love and honor them forevermore,
And, long as vapors rise or dew descends,
Hold blest the day they stepped upon our shore."

And in another poem, which was read at the Ohio Institution, on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, in the year 1880.

"Blest evermore be they—the pioneers,
Who bravely this great march of progress led;
Who struggled, nobly through all doubts and fears,
Till all uncertainty and doubt were dead.
May ceaseless benedictions on them fall,
May heaven's high arches with their praise resound,
May all the deaf who live or are to live
Cherish their names with reverence profound.

"*Blest be their names!* and may their mantles fall,
Each generation, upon spirits brave,
Brave, eager to respond to Duty's call,
To toil God's lowly ones to help, to save
From suffering in its many-sided forms
Of darkness, ignorance, sloth, shame and sin,
To guide them lovingly through earth's bleak storms
Safely the pearly gates of heaven within."

Any one who has been a spectator or a participant at an alumni reunion, and has witnessed the doubtful recognitions, the happy greetings, the wonderment and surprise of old schoolmates, who had been separated for years, as again and again they clasped hands and embraced, and laughed and cried for joy, will appreciate the verses on reunions, which are throughout so beautiful that we regret we can only publish these stanzas:—

"They meet again, the man of years
The matron grave, the stalwart youth,
The maiden in whose face appears
The proofs of innocence and truth.

"And hands are clasped, or hard or soft,
As different toils have set their seal,
And eyes and fingers question oft;
'What is your story; woe or weal?'

"They meet, and while the moments whirl,
Laughter and smiles attest their joy:
The matron seems again a girl,
The man a mischief-loving boy."

And, again,

"Other forms than those around them
Each one seems again to see,
Other faces smile upon them
Full of innocence and glee;
Teachers, schoolmates, dead and living,
They behold them all once more,
As they saw them, as they knew them
In the happy days of yore."

Almost a decade since, the news that an illustrious deaf-mute from Europe, whose industry and skill had been recognized and rewarded by medals and diplomas innumerable, would soon be among us, brought forth a poem of welcome from Miss Fuller, which was published at the time in the JOURNAL. The gentleman to whom it was addressed is Mr. Jacques Loew, who has for many years been a resident of New York City, and whose fame as a business man is enhanced by his many generous deeds. One of the verses in the poem reads:

"Welcome, as teacher of the sacred truth
That diligence in business often brings
Men, even in their days of early youth,
Into the presence of earth's mightiest kings,
Engraves in golden characters their name,
And crowns them with the laurel wreath of fame."

"A Strange Half Century" was written on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the birthday of Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute. It is very affecting, and embodies ideas in phrases that are sublime. Ah! the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth! For fifty years no sound has broke in on the stillness, no light save the light of God upon the darkness of her life.

"Yet she wails no question 'why?'
Satisfied that, by and bye,
Time with emphasis will tell:
'All that GOD decrees is well.'"

Such are a few extracts, that will give the reader an idea of what "The Venture" contains. But the best poetry in the book is not about the deaf and dumb. The "Temperance Poems" are very fine, and the "Songs and Hymns" and "Local Poems" are equally good. The book is an octavo volume of over two hundred pages, and is neatly printed and solidly bound. The price in plain cloth cover is $1.50; in cloth with gilt edges, $1.75. Those wishing a copy are invited to send the price to Miss Angie Fuller, Savanna, Ill.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

It is rumored that Mrs. John Cotton, of Chicago, will ere long pay a visit to friends in Rockford, Ill.

Will Mr. A. DeVoe please come at once if he has decided to come at all. Good wages will be given.—*Texas Cor.*

It was wrongly reported that J. H. McMechen had returned to Wheeling, W. Va. He is still in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod, of West Virginia, are the guests of Wm. McClurg, at Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Steenrod said he had a very pleasant time in New York.

Helen and Georgie McClurg, of Pittsburg, Pa. had a splendid time for ten days, with their elder cousin, Miss Douglas, and enjoyed a sea bath at Ocean Grove. They returned home last July.

Joseph H. Heeke, a printer, of Richmond, Va., says that he has been out of work for three months, but expects to get a job soon. He is much disappointed at not hearing from William Briel, of Detroit.

On the 23d inst., Mr. Wm. Patterson and family, of Newton, N. J., enjoyed a pleasant carriage ride to Hamburg, to spend the day with George H. Witschief, which they did in a most agreeable manner, and returned home in the evening, the complete trip being twenty-six miles. Mr. Patterson's youngest child is peculiarly marked, one eye being a perfect hazel, while the other is a beautiful eye.

Mr. Ranald Douglas, the deaf-mute photographer who wished to photograph the members of the late National Convention, writes: "As I see an allusion, in your last issue, to my absence from the Convention, permit me to say it was owing to the failure, on the part of the Committee, to answer my application."

A series of feats in rifle shooting was exhibited by Master Samuel Shoemaker, a mute typo in Staunton. The most remarkable acts were his standing with rifle on left shoulder and with the aid of a small mirror made several successful shoots, and another in the same position but having the rifle in a position between his legs. Is there a better deaf-mute rifleman in Virginia?—*Goodson Gazette*

M. Whalen, the deaf and dumb man of Perry, N. Y., who on the 17th fell a distance of ninety-four feet from the knitting mills, breaking his legs, ribs, etc., and receiving what were considered fatal injuries, is still alive and will probably fully recover. His case is a most remarkable one, and one out of 10,000 so the surgeons say. He has never been known to say a word, yet when the doctors were dressing his legs he distinctly uttered the single word "John."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Mr. Thomas I. McClurg, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes:—"I got a sad letter from Hosea Paul about his very amiable neice, Miss Anna Fogle, of Ohio, and the following letter is from Cuyahoga Falls, September 16th, 1883:

"'Our Anna, whom all loved so much, was very sick indeed, and though yesterday, from three to seven in the evening, she seemed easier it was the cause of wasted strength. She lingered until five o'clock this morning, and passed away quietly and peacefully. Starting as a sort of typhoid or malarial fever, it settled on the brain. She was unconscious most of the week, but with frequent, though short, lucid intervals, sufficient to recognize and to speak to us all. Her mother is quite prostrated, especially as the other daughter, Mrs. Bertha Johnston, of Akron, is very poorly, so much so that her recovery is exceedingly doubtful, and we hardly expect that she will be able to attend the funeral, which is for Thursday morning, at ten o'clock. She (Anna) spoke several times of her pleasant visit in Pittsburg, but did not describe it as fully as she would have done had she felt better, as she began to complain almost immediately after her return.' Miss Anna Fogle had a very pleasant time for the space of nearly three weeks with us. She was a guest of Miss Helen McClurg. She was well liked during her visit here."

A few new pupils entered the Indianapolis school, most of them are from Parke county, Ind.

Mike Sullivan, of Batavia, Ill., will probably be a student at the National Deaf-Mute College this fall.

Catherine D. Shepherd, of New Corydon, Ind., would like to hear from her old classmates through the JOURNAL.

Mr. Fayman, a deaf-mute of Mashall, Ind, named a speaking daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, who are mutes.

Mr. Oscar, a graduate of the Indianapolis school, who entered the National Deaf-Mute College, was drowned a short time after.

Mr. Henry Witschief, of Franklin, N. J., will be in the city on the 22d, on a visit to his brother, John, and all his old associates.

It is probable that Mr. Henry A. Porter, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., will go to Nashua, N. H., to attend to Mission meeting, on Oct. 6th and 7th.

Mr. H. G. Moody, of Lebanon Centre, Me., has just taken up from his potato patch 135 bushels of good-sized potatoes, and 5 bushels of small potatoes.

Mr. Isaac M. Gray, of Marshall, Ind, claims to be a fourth cousin of General Geo. Washington. His grandfather fought in the war of the Revolution. Mr. Gray takes pardonable pride in his relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Sautter, and Master Johnson (a deaf-mute boy), met a deaf-mute farmer, named Garrett, at the Rockford, Ill., Fair. They all enjoyed a pleasant time, which terminated in a melon party in the evening.

A base ball team composed of women has been organized in a Pennsylvania town. The only trouble they will experience will be to find a man to umpire the game, but a deaf and dumb man who could stand the jar on his nerves might get a good job umpiring for that team.—*Peck's Sun.*

David S. Eis, of New Corydon, Ind., has just returned from a pleasant vacation. He left for Glenfield, O., on the 24th of July, and afterwards spent three days with his cousin at Newark, then attended the State Fair at Columbus, where his sister lives. He expects to work at carpentry this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Houdyshell, of Indianapolis, who have been spending their vacation in this city with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wood, returned to their home yesterday. Although unable to speak to any one, they made many warm friends while here, all of whom wish them a pleasant school year.—*Hancock Jeffersonian, Greenfield, Ind.*

Among the deaf-mutes residing in Marshall, Ind., are Mr. Henry J. Wright, a bachelor, whose occupation is farming, Mr. Sylvester Weaver, who lays claim to being the best shoemaker in that vicinity, Mr. John Dare, a semi-mute, who also follows Mr. Weaver's trade, Mr. Wright Fisher, a farmer, and Mr. I. M. Gray, who is also a tiller of the soil.

Miss Angie Fuller, of Savanna, Ill., has published a collection of her poems in book form. The name of the volume is "The Venture." All deaf mutes wishing a copy should send name address to Miss Fuller, enclosing at the same time the price, which is:—Plain cloth covers, $1.50; Cloth covers with gilt edges, $1.75.

Old Tom Brown is visiting his brothers and sisters at Martha's Vineyard, where he will remain until the New Hampshire Mission convenes on October 6th. He had a splendid time at the National Convention. Mrs. T. Brown is visiting her old home in Maine. There are 15 mutes at Martha's Vineyard.

After making a pleasant call on Mrs. Feeny, of Sanford, Me., Mr. and Mrs. Moody, of Lebanon Centre, returned home and found that Mrs. C. Aug. Brown, of Belfast, had called to visit them. She staid two days. Last August, they were visited by Miss N. F. Varney, of Rochester, N. H., who staid over Sunday. Miss Varney expects to attend the Mission meeting in Nashua.

Mr. G. H. Witschief, of Hamburgh, N. J., attended the Soldiers' Reunion at Newton, on the 19th, and reports an enjoyable time. He visited Mr. Wm. Patterson and wife (*nee* Miss Annie Lewis), a former graduate of the Fanwood School, and had a very pleasant time in "sightseeing" aronnd town. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson have had three children, one, a daughter, who died about a year ago, and have now living a bright little boy of six, who can both hear and speak, and also a little boy 16 months old.

On Friday morning, Sept. 14th, Rev. Job Turner, while on his way to New Orleans, La., stopped over at Jackson, Miss., to pay a flying visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and started the same night, Principal Dobyns was on the same train with him, from Grand Junction, Tenn., to Jackson; and was much suprised to meet him in the latter place. Mr. Turner took the other teachers and his old pupil, Mr. Cabaniss by surprise. Mr. Dobyns treated him with unaffected hospitality, and invited one of his teachers to dine with Mr. Turner at his table. Principal Dobyns, Messrs. Turner and Saunders, had a very pleasant chat with each other after dinner. They have added a nice school house and chapel to the Institution.

A young man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a noted law student in Merrimac county, Me., who had the misfortune to lose his hearing, having settled on a farm in the West, writes thus of the occupation he has chosen: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve, or be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned in these day of horse power, a man needn't kill himself any more than at any other business. It is brains that win on a farm as well as everywhere else, and the smart one is going to ride, while the stupid one goes on foot, in the corn-field as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave my farm if I had it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A Deaf-Mute Reception.

The Young Men's Christian Association tendered a reception to the deaf mutes of San Francisco and Oakland, at their parlors, 232 Sutter St. San Francisco, on the evening of Sept. 12th, 1883. The spacious room was well filled by the mutes, most of whom were young men—about 40 present. Short addresses were delivered by Peter B. Simons, Vice-President of the Association, and Henry J. McCoy, General Secretary, which were interpreted by Miss Kate Crandall, a teacher in the State Institution for the Deafand Dumb and Blind at Berkeley. Addresses were given in the sign language by Theodore Grady and Theophilus d'Estrella. The object of the meeting was the origination of a social and religious work among these people in the city, and it was decided to hold services in the Association building on the first and third Sunday of each month. The evening was one of great enjoyment with refreshments at the close.

Mr. H. Ward Smith, of Albion, N. Y., is visiting in Chicago.

Miss Mary Maloy, of Albany, N. Y., is spending a few days' vacation with her aunt in Hudson, N. Y.

John A. Graham, of Rochester, N. Y., is working as carpenter in Batavia, N. Y. He expects to be at home again this fall.

In response to "Infidel's" question, "Imperator" is sorry to state that he cannot accept an invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, and with pleasure thanks them for their remembrance.

On the 16th of September, Miss Esther Friedman, of Brooklyn, E. D., was married to Mr. Barner, a hearing gentleman. She was formerly a pupil of the Lexington Avenue School.

GAINESVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 15.—To-day, Michael Whalen, a deaf and dumb painter, fell from a scaffold at the Perry Knitting Mills, striking on a rock below, a distance of 75 feet, receiving probably fatal injuries. He is a married man.

About twenty deaf-mute children, bound for the Catholic Deaf-Mute Asylum in Buffalo, left Rochester yesterday. They were largely from this city, but a portion of the party came from towns farther East.—*Post-Express, Rochester, N. Y., September 6.*

John Beach, of Bridgewater, about thirty years of age, has been confined to his bed for over half his life, and is also unable to hear. His mother, however, converses with him freely by the strange process of writing with her finger upon his cheek, which he understands and answers.—*Putnam Patriot, Putnam, Conn.*

Dillworth M. Buck, formerly a pupil of the New York Institution and also a graduate of the Western New York Institution, of Java, N. Y. took an excursion to Rochester to see the New York State Fair. He met John R. Newcomb in the city, who was returning home after work. He was very glad to see him.

"Imperator" will have to bid all his dear Allegheny friends of silence a short but affectionate adieu and start, October 2d (Tuesday next), for the West, where he will pay his brother a friendly visit, and then probably find a place. Any friend desiring to write "Imperator," can do so by directing to Warsaw, Ind., in care of John Widaman.

Frank Hayes, of Mendon, Mich., who has decided to be present at Chicago, on the 2d of October, for the exposition, says he would like very much to have any one of his friends and former classmates of Michigan, come and meet him at the Adams House until the morning of the 3d. He wishes to enjoy himself in company with the mutes of Chicago for a week.

On Thursday evening, a very pleasant party occurred at Mr. and Mrs. Kifer's, in Irwin, Pa., which was well attended by young ladies and gentlemen, including Frank Widaman. They enjoyed an evening of pleasure, and dispersed, wishing their host and hostess success and happiness in their new nome. Mr. and Mrs. Kifer left on Tuesday, September 24th, for Iowa, their future home.

While *en route* to Michigan, *via* the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, the writer stopped at Sturgis for a few hours to have the pleasure of meeting and conversing with Mr. Wm. M. Allman. Mr. A. spoke of his furniture manufacturing business as most successful and satisfactory. He also said, he had for a week or so been quartered at a hotel, while his better half and little boy were away attending the Michigan State Fair and the Chicago Exposition.

Mrs. Winslow, of Rockford, Ill., reached home on September 8th, after a protracted sojourn in the country. A short time ago, they had a nice time visiting Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner and Mr. McDonald, who live in the country, a short distance from Rockford. The journey was made in a buggy behind a handsome horse. They were expecting a visit from Miss Jennie Lake, a young deaf-mute lady of Itasca, Ill, but her sister died a week or two since, and the visit has been postponed.

On Saturday, the 15th inst., Miss Sara O. Neff, an ex-pupil of the Indiana Institution, was assisted by her most estimable parents to entertain quite a company of mutes, at her home in Bristol, Ind., and they were all welcome over Sunday to accomplish their enjoyable visit in honor of Miss Neff's only brother, Charlie, who is shortly to return to school at Indianapolis. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Berryman, Joseph Bixler, Joseph Hochstetler, Henry Berryman, and the writer. All agreed that they had a good time, when they dispersed for home "sweet home."

Postponement.

The ordination of Rev. Mr. Syle to priest's orders has been appointed for October 14th, in Philadelphia. The Second Conference of Church Workers among deaf-mutes will begin in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelpia, Saturday, Oct. 13th at 3 P.M.

Odd Things the Deaf and Dumb Learn.

A very curious thing about deaf mutes is the rapidity with which they learn the meaning and use of slang words and phrases. The ordinary street language of the day seems to be every bit as familiar to them as it is to people whose organs of hearing are not impaired, and they will say, in their own way, "You bet your boots!" or, "You bet your sweet life!" with as much ease and grace as if they had had it at their tongue's end all their lives. One of the afflicted young men whom I asked for an explanation of this remarkable fact, said the deaf mutes got their knowledge of slang from the newspapers; that they were great readers of the papers, and snapped up a new phrase or word just the moment it made its appearance. They not only use slang in writing, but also in their sign language.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Married a Drunkard.

In refusing a bill of divorce to a woman who had married and then deserted a drunkard, an Iowa Supreme Court Judge said: "She chose a drunkard, and she ought to discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. She does not show that her personal safety or even her well being required her to leave him. She doubtless would have lived more comfortable in the society of a sober man, but she ought to have considered, and doubtless did consider, the discomforts of a drunken husband when she married the inebriate. But she argues he promised reformation before marriage. His failure to keep his promise did not justify her in deserting him. All the world knows that such promises made by drunken men are always broken. In a few words, as she knowingly married a drunkard, she must be content to remain a drunkard's wife."

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Farewell to '83.

THE SOCIETIES.

Personals.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

Time in his ceasless round has again brought on the opening of another college year, and during the week just closing, the halls of the college were replete with the scenes which are inseparably linked with such occasions.

In the college buildings the changes which greeted the returning student were slight. The fresh coat of paint here and there, and the repairs where they were needed, were regarded as a matter of course, and gave rise to but little comment. But there was nevertheless a change in another respect, which concerned us more nearly, inasmuch as it was among the college fraternity itself, for the class of '83 is now numbered with the *alumni*, and henceforth must its station in the world among the representatives of old Kendall who have gone before them. Two of the class have joined the corps of instructors in well-known Institutions, a third is clerking in Chicago, and a fourth expects to enter the civil service of the government. They were "hail fellows, well met," all of them, and they have left quite a sensible gap among the students.

We would further say a word in farewell to one of them in particular—to "Lester Montrose". He will be missed not only by those who have been his associates at college, but also by that larger circle of acquaintances, who know him through his familiar "college chronicle". He has assumed the robe of the pedagogue, and we trust it will sit as gracefully upon him as did that of College Correspondent.

Well, another pen will write, and another signature appear under the chronicle, and with this letter both make their debut before the readers of the JOURNAL.

The gap caused by the departure of '83, and two or three undergraduates who will not return, has in a measure been filled by new admissions. Seven were admitted from the Advanced Class of the Primary Department, while two only come direct from the Institution. Three others who applied were assigned to the Primary, while another left for home on account of ill health.

This noticeably small number of new arrivals from the Institutions has been the theme of a good deal of discussion among the students. Either ambitious pupils, who desire to enter college do not meet with the encouragement and help they ought to receive at the hands of those in whose province it is to give it, or the mental calibre in the institutions is either stationary or declining, so that it does not meet the requirements of admission. The withdrawal of the Lower Preparatory Class two years ago, may have had some influence in this respect, but still not so much that the diminution should be entirely owing to that cause.

Perhaps, after all, '83 is an off year, and we may attribute the decrease to untoward circumstances. Let us hope so.

The examinations—the bugbear of every candidate for admission—came off on Wednesday, and resulted to the general credit of the new-comers. All of the candidates from the Primary Department were admitted to the Introductory Class, three of them, Messrs. Gross, Bell and Boland, clear of conditions, and the others with one condition each—certainly a good showing for the "H. C." Of the two successful applicants from the Institutions, one, Mr. Standacher, of Ohio, entered free from conditions, and thus '83 begins its course with four unconditioned men.

The college exercises were formally resumed on Thursday morning. Dr. Gallaudet read the familiar verses on Wisdom, in Proverbs, and in a short, but eloquent discourse which followed, dwelt particularly on the high aims of college life, exhorting all to pursue wisdom as defined by an eminent divine: "The science of the pursuit of the best, ends by the most proper means," and after a few more words, warm with hope and encouragement, he closed with prayer. Lessons for the next day were then given out, and the college year 1883–4 was fairly begun.

Rooms were assigned to students on Friday, and the result was general satisfaction on all sides, there being better accommodations than ever before. No less than nine double rooms were at the disposal of the higher classes. The Sophs, in particular, were jubilant, three of the "doubles" falling to their share.

Prof. Draper, whose cottage will soon be ready for occupation, has given up his old quarters, and Prof. Porter has now established his domicile there. Veditz, '84, was fortunate enough to secure the rooms vacated by Prof. P.

Nearly all of last year's undergraduates are on hand at the present writing. Those who obtained employment in Washington during the summer were the first to put in their appearance. The new students also came in early, and during examination day their faces presented quite a study, alternately glowing with hope, and now despondent, weighing the chances of failure. The professors were also promptly at their posts as usual. Dr. Fay astonished everybody, for during his sojourn at Nantucket he had cultivated a fine beard, and so came upon the scene bearded like a pard, and twice as grim, utterly discomfiting the Seniors and Juniors with the *Parlez vous Francais* with which he welcomed them.

The ancient and meritorious H. O. S. S. which during the nineteen years of its existence has done so much to elevate and foster the spirit of the College, was reorganized for the year with the following board of officers:—

Grand Mogul, B. R. Allabough, '84; Consuls, L. A. Palmer, '84, and S. G. Davidson, '85; Grand Scribe, G. W. Veditz, '84; Scribe, O. Hanson, '86; Lictors, S. Haas, '84, and J. H. Cloud, '86; Stor Marshalk, P. J. Hasenstab, '85; Herald, C. Kerney, '85; and Grand Donnerkeil, C. S. Deem, '85. Under such an able and efficient Board, the H. O. S. S. can not fail to secure the high aims it has always striven for, and as most of the new students have signified their intention of becoming members, it is safe to predict an honorable and useful career for the society during the year.

The Reading Room was also reorganized Saturday morning, with the following Committee:—B. R. Allabough, '84, Chairman; S. G. Davidson, '85, Secretary; P. J. Hasenstab, '85, Treasurer; J. H. Cloud, '84, Librarian; and Messrs. Palmer, '84 and Hanson, '86, owing to the diminished number of members, the admission fee has been increased to $1.50, which will furnish the room with as choice reading matter as it has heretofore enjoyed.

The "Lit" will hold its annual preliminary meeting next Friday, and will elect new officers for the present term on the first Saturday of next month.

Allabough, '84, arrived on Friday, sporting a glossy "stove pipe," and a pair of whiskers in regular English mutton-chop style.

H. Street glories in an asphalt pavement—a good thing for the Kendall Wheelman.

The swimming pool was re-opened on Friday.

Incidents and adventures during the vacation, form the chief topic of conversation with us at present.

HARRY FIELDING.
KENDALL GREEN, Sept. 22, '83.

NOTICES.

A service for Deaf-Mutes is held in St. Ann's Church, west 18th street near 5th avenue, every Sunday at 2:45 P.M.

Deaf-mutes are invited to a sign service in the chapel of St. Ann's Church, Clinton Street, Brooklyn, next Sunday, September 30th, at 3 P.M.

Deaf-Mutes and their hearing friends are invited to a combined service in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, Sept. 30th, at 7:30 P.M. The sermon will be preached orally by the Rev. Mr. Krans, and interpreted in the sign-language by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

Sunday, October 7th, will be the 31st anniversary of the founding of St. Ann's Church. Deaf-Mutes and their friends are specially invited to the 10:30 A.M. service, at which the Holy Communion will be celebrated. The Anniversary Sermon will be preached orally by the Rev. Mr. Krans and interpreted by Rev. Mr. Gallaudet.

DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, Sep. 6.

Yesterday afternoon the last coach of the Day Express on the Central was filled with children, most of whom where accompanied by female attendants. There was no talking, and the only thing that interrupted the stillness was the sobbing of a little chap in one of the seats, whose only means of expressing his grief was the plaintiff cry of "mam, mam." The other children were making all sorts of motions and contortions, which seemed to be readily understood. A reporter from this paper witnessed the scene, became interested, and approaching a bright looking boy, ten years old, wrote in his note book, "Can you read?"

The boy glanced up intelligently and taking the pencil, wrote—"Certainly, sir."

"Who are these children?"

"Catholic deaf and dumb. We are going to the state Catholic institute for deaf-mutes in Buffalo. We have been home on a vacation of ten weeks and are now returning. There are about twenty in the party, but some of them are from Canandaigua, Oswego and other points."

Just then the little fellow broke out in sobs again and his mother went to him and tried to comfort him, but it was not until a mute comrade in a neighboring seat vouchsafed the loan of his black-and-tan puppy that quiet was restored. Approaching the mother, the scribe asked how it was that her son had learned to talk.

"When he was three years old, he had the scarlet fever," she said, "and since then he has never been able to hear and speak. The few words he now says are those he learned when a baby."

"Do they learn fast at Buffalo?"

"Very fast indeed," she answered, and placing her hand on the head of a twelve-year-old daughter, she continued: "Although my daughter is considerably older, and has attended the parochial school constantly, she has not made near the progresss that the baby has at Buffalo."

As the train started, it was the mother's turn for tears, and as the last adieus were repeated all the faces were wreathed in smiles and the puppy ruled supreme.

Leaving a Million.

The Deaf-Mute German Painter, Ginsberg, who perished in the Ischian catastrophe, left a fortune of a million and a half of marks, but recently inherited by him.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 16th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, J. F. Donnelly, 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second Sunday in each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CHIROLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum"), under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsett is President, and Mr. Robert N. Stevenson, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 2013 Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blount, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 293 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Wm. H. Lipsett is President, and George Slifer Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Brown. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Sol. P. Cornelius, 209 West 36th St., New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named after Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in America, meets every other year in different parts of New England. The next gathering will be held in 1884, time and place to be determined by the Board, consisting of John T. Tillinghast, President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; State Managers, John W. Page, for Maine; Varnum B. Wright, New Hampshire; George A. Holmes, Massachusetts; Frank C. Tasker, Rhode Island; and William H. Weeks, Connecticut. Any further information can be obtained by addressing the President, John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., or the Secretary, John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith, W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

COLUMBUS.

September Jottings.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The week has been without special interest in the routine of Institution life, save perhaps the daily arrivals of the returning scholars and the now and then reception of new pupils.

The grounds present a familiar appearance. Except the front fountain, hardly any thing has undergone a change. Public drives through the yard, unless on business connected with the Institution, are discontinued by order of the Board of Trustees.

The Trustees of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, met last evening, with Messrs. Scott, and Finch present. The Board decided to send Superintendent Pratt as a delegate to the Convention of State Charities at Louisville, next Monday. The resignation of Mrs. Leib, formerly Miss Reed, teacher, was accepted, and Mr. Patterson, of Barnesville, Belmont Co., appointed to the position. The estimates of Kelly & Co. and Kinncar & Co. for heating and ventilation, were approved, and the accounts for the month examined and found to be correct.—*Journal, Sept.* 19.

Mr. Patterson, the new teacher above mentioned, is a speaking brother of Miss Nora Patterson, of that town, who graduated from this Institution last June. It is said he has a good command of the sign language.

A correspondent writing of "Life in New York," furnishes the following to the New Haven (Ct.) *Register*. It is a little more detailed in its originality than that which appeared in the JOURNAL last week.

"Several of the pastors had attended the convention of deaf-mutes, and their conversation turned to that subject. The Rev. Dr. Buckley told of having met in an asylum two beautiful and accomplished women who were teachers in the institution, and wives of deaf and dumb men. They might have had their pick to a reasonable extent from men with full faculties, and yet they had chosen husbands who never had, and never could speak or hear a word. The two matches had proved so agreeable that a young heiress of the neighborhood was betrothed to a third pupil. Dr. Buckley had convinced himself that sympathy in these instances begot love.

"That isn't my theory," said the Rev. Dr. Newman, who, though he had seceded from Methodism to take the pastorate of a Congregational church with General Grant and a score of other rich men in it, occasionally drops into the concern for a chat with his old fellows.

"And what is your theory, doctor," I asked, seeing that there was a danger that in the hubbub his valuable news would be lost.

"Well," Grant's chaplain replied, "a woman invariably has an ideal man in her mind for a husband. She doesn't often find his counterpart in reality. Now, what is it that usually disillusionizes her? It's the man's talk. He looks like a god; don't you see, and chatters like a very commonplace mortal. Now, a deaf-mute doesn't let himself down in that way. His methods of conversation are so laborious that he doesn't resort to them unless he has something to say. So he remains a hero in the estimation of the woman whom he impresses favorably by his person, and she falls in love with him for good and all."

Prof. Stewart, of this Institution is the owner of a fine trotter, which he brought here from his own farm up in North Royalton, Ohio. The other day he invited your correspondent to a long ride around the city.

Dr. A. G. Byers, accompanied by Messrs. W. D. Patterson and H. C. Noble, of the Labor Commission, and A. Pratt, Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, delegates to the annual national conference of charities and correction, left this afternoon for Louisville, Kentucky, to be present at the meeting which convenes on Monday. This session will last six days, and the discussions will be participated in by many men eminent in such matters, and papers will be presented by several ladies on ideas of reformation of criminal girls, etc.—*Dispatch, Sept.* 19.

Saturday, September 22d, was a gala-day here in Columbus, occasioned by the advent of Forepaugh's show and circus. Their immense tent was pitched in a vacant lot at the corner of Oak and Parsons Streets. Everybody seemed to be out on the street, and about as many went in and saw what there was to see.

Mr. Corwin Butler, of Pataskala, and brother of Mrs. Carrie B. Smith of Youngstown, O., departed this life on the last day of August. Mrs. S. was with him during the last days of his illness, and while she mourned the early demise of a beloved brother, she was comforted by the assurance from his own lips that he was willing to die, and so he died in the full hope and faith of salvation.

Mrs. McGuinness will rejoin her husband, with their new heir, from Cleveland, O, next week.

Miss Rife made a call on her friends at the Institution last Friday.

Mr. Plumb M. Park's place on Franklin Ave., which he sold last July, is at present occupied by its owner the reverend Mr. Beck, a Lutheran minister.

The *Columbus Evening Times* says that the St. Louis Club management has made a flattering offer to Dundon. But it is safe to say that Mr. Dundon will not go if Columbus should hold out as good inducements.

One of our little boys carries his right arm in a sling. He had injured it while at home during the vacation, by falling through some railings up in the hay left of the barn.

F. C. Sessions, Esq., one of our Trustees, who has been in Europe for several months, is already on his way home. We look for his arrival in the city by the end of this week.

J. H. Mahaffey, a former pupil, put in appearance among the boys last week. He says he is doing well in the world.

The Columbus Club is being re-organized for next year's work in the base ball field. Just who have been engaged and how many of the old players will be re-engaged, has not yet been given to the public.

Mr. A. B. Greener was the only teacher who staid here through the entire vacation. He, however, made a flying visit to Springfield, O. Mr. Stewart and wife did not leave the city until after the middle of August.

Principal Wood, of the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Day School, was up here over Saturday and Sunday a week ago. He says his school is larger at this term than it was last year.

The Metropolitans, of New York, are here playing their series with the Columbus Club. The first day's (Friday's) game resulted overwhelming in favor of the Mets.—6 to 1, with Keefe and Mountain as pitchers. The Saturday game which we witnessed, with Lynch and Dundon in the pitcher's box took the same way—7 to 1 for New York.

A child in mind, though a man in years was among the arrivals of new pupils here last week. His exact age is twenty-eight years.

Miss Emma Burrell, a graduate of last June, has returned to Columbus, and now takes a position in the family of Mr. A. B. Greener.

Several pupils, old and new, dropped in to day (Saturday), and the total number of children under the Institution roof is about three hundred and sixty.

Miss Annie Fogle, of the class 1882, died very recently at her home in Akron, O., of malarial fever, she was here at the Reunion of graduates last year, and took rank as one of Ohio most beautiful, accomplished young ladies. Her illness was of very short duration, and her early demise has bereft a large circle of friends and acquaintances of a shining member of their society.

NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR.

Deaf and Dumb.

HOW RELIGIOUS SERVICES WERE PERFORMED WITHOUT SPEECH.

(San Francisco Daily Examiner, Sept. 17.)

About thirty deaf mutes attended religious services yesterday morning in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a singular spectacle to see these unfortunate people going through their prayers and praises by signs that only themselves understood. Among them were handsome young women and young men, children, older people, and some who were gray with age. After prayer and the repetition of a hymn, Theodore Grady, an intelligent young man, who is a brother of the Tax Collector, delivered a sermon by signs. His text was from the First Corinthians, Chapter viii, verse 13: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend." His signs were thus interpreted: "In this text we see the criterion of true and disinterested philanthrophy. We should shun many social vices, such as drinking, not because we dread the woful consequences themselves, but because our moral influence, unconsciously to ourselves, may lead our weaker follow men to temptation and ruin. It is gross selfishness to commit an act that proves a stumbling-block to some poor brethren. It is sublime charity to abstain from a deed for fear it many injure a helpless moral agent. Therefore there is real generosity in renouncing all the sinful pleasure of the world and in wielding our influence solely and always in the interests of morality and religion. 'To do unto others as ye would have others do unto you' is very good, but it is far nobler to live for the good of others without expecting a compensation."

At the conclusion of the services the deaf-mutes engaged in an animated conversation with eyes and fingers. Every one of them let his neighbor know his thoughts. Hands were fluttering everywhere throughout the room. Several of the older people indicated what they were referring to by pointing to heaven and clasping their hands. The laughter of many of the younger ones showed that the enjoyment of intercourse with their fellows has not been denied them, even though the ordinary and more pleasant mediums of conversation have been taken from them. The twisting of hands, crooking of fingers and the various gestures of the arm, which they were employing all at once to make themselves understood, made the scence interesting and amusing. It was decided to soon reorganize the present society of these deaf-mutes as a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Their next service will be held on Sunday, September 30th, when Theo. d'Estrella will deliver a sermon.

Letter from Rev Job Turner.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17, '83.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I will now send you a few items, which will I know be interesting to your readers.

I had service in this city yesterday afternoon, and there were eighteen deaf-mutes present. At the close of the service, I was informed of the death of a deaf-mute, which had occurred in this city the previous day. His name was Theopholes F. Kendall, a resident of this city. Kentucky gave birth to him in 1835, and educated him at her State Institution, Danville, after which he became a teacher in the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Baton Rouge, in which position he remained several years, when his eyes are believed to have caused his resignation. Afterwards he worked in a soap factory for one of his brothers, but his eyes getting worse, he was obliged to give it up. Some time afterwards, he became blind, which he remained about twelve years. He was sent to the City Charity Hospital, where he was well nursed till he expired. He was elegantly interred at the expense of his brothers. Last year I visited him there in company with Prof. Ferguson, now principal of the Louisiana Institution. While we were approaching his bed, we saw him talking to himself, unconscious of our being near him. We saw him saying to himself by signs that if he had plenty of money, he would be glad to give it to poor deaf-mutes. He stopped saying so the very moment we made ourselves known to him. He said he had known me for a long time, and that he was glad to see me. We had to talk to him by the sense of touch, because he was perfectly blind. His condition excited our pity very much. It affected me almost to tears.

About two weeks ago, there was a large fire in Terrel, Texas, by which Joe Mcunt, formerly a teacher in two or three different deaf-mute schools, lost his printing office, unfortunately uninsured. He published the *Sunny Clime* in the office, with the assistance of deaf-mute girls.

I expect to attend the Granite State Mission at Nashua, N. H., Oct. 6th and 7th. I think seriously of holding services at Portland, Me., on October 14th. I shall be back on the 18th, of November, to hold service, on my way to Texas to see all my dear children. I leave for Virginia in two hours, so I must stop.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Philadelphia Institution.

BY THE DARK BLUE SEA!

As anticipated, our trip to "Old Ocean" took place on the 20th inst., and a more charming day could scarcely have been desired, the "clerk of the weather" apparently doing his best to please us. The long ride over "the iron rail" was a delightful one. Our college friend, Mr. Allabough, who accompanied us by special invitation, relating numerous comical college incidents for our amusement, while "merry Susan" kept us in convulsions by the exhibition of a huge rag doll, which she successfully palmed off on some of the unsuspicious ones as a forsaken waif, which she had found, and which she intended to adopt. Reaching our destination at about ten o'clock, the first item on the programme for the day was a dip in old Neptune, where some of the gentlemen taking a mean advantage of their superior strength and skill as swimmers treated our fair sisters to a ducking—at least all of them who were so unfortunate as to fall into their merciless clutches. Nor was that "college chap" far behind the rest! We never would have believed he could have been so utterly hard-hearted and *deaf* to the prayers for mercy which came from the fair maids on every hand; did not our own experience bear witness to the fact. About noon we partook of a delicious luncheon, seated picnic fashion around the spacious balcony of the Excursion House. The fresh, invigorating sea-breeze having given an additional zest to our naturally good appetites, we did ample justice to the "inner man." Luncheon safely over the gentleman from Kendall Green securing the partnership of one of our most graceful dancers, went down into the music hall, where for a few delicious moments, they tripped the "light fantastic toe" for our diversion. Bidding adieu to the Excursion House, we took street-cars for the Inlet with the intention of taking a sail. It was some time, however, before our Superintendent could secure vessels for our accommodation, but at last all who desired to go were snugly seated in six handsome boats. Our party, which was enlivened by the presence of Prof. Kirkhuff, Miss Peters, "Bella L—" "Violet," Mrs. Nathans and the gent from Kendall Green, filled the "Emma" with their merry jokes and flashes of wit. We took a delightful sail, and though out on the water quite a long while, none of our party were attacked by seasickness. The members of another party, however, were not quite so fortunate, for one of the ladies who composed it was taken seasick and the rest became so alarmed by the rocking of the vessel that they lost all self-control, and for a time it was feared that a pump would be necessary to save the vessel from sinking beneath the amount of *salt water* with which it was copiously deluged by the fair occupants, who also accompanied the shower by some charming (?) vocal music. Tired at last of sailing, we returned to the wharf, and having regaled ourselves with some delicious Concord grapes, purchased from a neighbouring fruit-stand, we set off down the beach in search of shells, sea weed, crabs, lobsters and other curiosities to carry back as mementoes of the delightful trip. Success crowned our search, for by the time we reached the depot we were well laden with shells, crabs and wild wheat done up in truly primitive style in handkerchiefs red, white or blue, as the case might be. Leaving the ocean and its varied pleasures far behind us, we were soon speeding rapidly toward the "Quaker City," which we reached about 8 o'clock, tired, but very well satisfied with the day's pleasure.

VIOLET.

He Don't Owe a Cent.

To "A Currier" in "Denver items," I would like to say, I do not owe Mr. H. H. Tammen in a cigar store or any other, $125.00, nor one cent. I do not know the man, and think he has made that story out of whole cloth, and when he "feels ashamed," it should be of his lies, not of me. I am in Connecticut, and, moreover, I do not owe any person in Denver a cent.

R. D. LIVINGSTONE.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 24, '83.

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mute Club's Annual Election.

MISCELLANEOUS SQUIBS.

We crave the forgiveness of the JOURNAL readers who take interest in our scribblings from this "howling wilderness," for not sending our usual budget on time; we can only say as an excuse that we have been up to our ears in business, so that we have had very little time for any thing, yea verily, even for the fair ones, with perhaps a solitary exception (?) But now that we can snatch a few minutes from Father Time, we hasten to enlighten every one (to the best of our ability) as to how the world has wagged in this vicinity.

Firstly, the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club held its regular meeting Saturday evening, September 6th, with a full turnout of members. Business of unusual importance to the Club at least, if not to any one else, was transacted, of which we will give details.

After President Guss called the members to order, and Messrs. Stocksick, O'Brien and Kohlmetz had adjusted spittoons within long range reach of their battery, and Fred Mueller had sorrowfully heaved the remains of his "cabbage weed" out of the window, the Picnic Committee were invited to take the floor and enlighten the boys as to the profit and loss entailed by the picnic, whereupon, if we remember rightly, they produced a labyrinth of figures that speedily made us feel tried; however, we can say the net profit from the picnic came within a dollar or two or less, of seventy dollars. Coming to think of it, that is a first class showing, as the expenses for prizes, music, etc., were heavy.

After the Picnic Committee had been discharged with thanks, no other business coming up immediately, William Stafford proposed that the Club should proceed to elect officers, that day being for that purpose. His motion was seconded unanimously, so the President said the election was in order. Straightway irrepressidle William nominated W. E. Guss as presiding officer for another term, saying his record as President spoke for itself. Several boys seconded the nominee, and on motion of J. H. Wolf, no other candidate coming up, Mr. Guss' nomination was declared unanimous, and he duly returned his thanks. Vice-President nominations then came up, and in a short time four candidates were in the field on the first ballot. W. E. Campbell and Charles Wolff were dropped by mutual consent, leaving only two to contest. The second ballot resulted:—William Stafford, 14 votes; John Bowe, 9; so William captured the plum.

Charley Wolff, Hugh Lamb and J. J. Smith, were next put up to compete for the Secretaryship, by their respective admirers. One ballot settled the question. Lamb got 17 votes, Wolff 3, and Smith 4.

The Treasurship was the next prize competed for, and brought out several candidates, but we will spare their feelings and only say Will Campbell "scooped 'em" all in with a vote of seventeen.

Sergeant-at-Arms brought out John Campbell and T. J. Brown. This was a hard fought battle, three ballots being necessary to decide the victory, and it was in favor of Brown.

After the election, and a few moments allowed the successful ones to receive congratulations, they were sworn in with appropriate ceremonies, and immediately entered upon the discharge of their duty for the ensuing year. Very little other business coming up, and the hour being late, the Club adjourned, some of the boys hanging up the new officers for a drink.

Saturday evening, September 16th, the Club held a special meeting, at which business "strictly private" was transacted.

Mr. W. T. Campbell and his charming better half gave a very pleasant watermelon party a few weeks ago, to a select party of mutes. We received an invite, but other business prevented our attendance; but alas, our intellectual contemporary, Kerry Patch, wasn't on to that "millyun."

Mr. Hiliary C. Leake, of Hannibal, Mo., formerly residing in Quincy, Ill., secured a job in this city, and moved his wife and household goods here with the intention of staying about a year, until he can gather in some loose change. The mutes who know him, and they are numerous, are delighted with having such a pleasant gentleman added to their number.

Mr. John Berry, of Brighton, Ill., was doing the town a week ago, to see his numerous old chums and make some new ones, too. He is a whole-souled, honest mute, if nothing else.

Mr. Edward Fieldman, from Quincy, Ill., was in the city at the same time as Mr. Berry, for the purpose of securing a job, but he went home a few days ago, though we understand he will soon be here again. Mr. Fieldman made many friends, too, by his gentlemanly manners, and we would be pleased to have him settle in this town.

A deaf mute, giving the name of W. W. Miles, and claiming to be from Indianapolis, Indiana, introduced himself at the club the other week, and said he was hunting for work; the deaf-mutes treated him well, but we are unable to say if he secured work or not yet.

Harry Gross went to Washington last Sunday evening, to resume his studies in the introductory class of the Deat-Mute College. We wish him success in his endeavors to climb the heights of wisdom.

Charles Wolff returned two weeks ago from his long vacation just as we were beginning to think of getting up a subscription for a grave stone, as we labored under the delusion Charles had climbed the golden stairs, or been caught by some Chicago girl. However, Charley said he had a jolly time, but indignantly denies he went hunting for a better half. Charles is as brown as a berry, and his waistband has expanded in a way that suggests a liberal indulgence in sauer kraut and limburger cheese.

Wm. Kriedeweiss lately made a short visit to Kansas City, partly on business and partly to see some friends. He has not been long from Germany, and has a fine education and a liberal amount of good looks which makes him find favor in St. Louis girls' eyes.

We hail the Atlethics as champions, as they knocked the life out of our sweet old Browns, and we sorrowfully admit we were too previous in saying the St. Louis club would pull ahead.

The deaf-mutes will not probably play again this season, but dame rumor says next year the deaf-mutes will have a club they may be proud of, and already the Clippers' manager has signed several good players, and is keeping his eyes open for more.

Sep. 24, 1883. JIM JAMS.

The Chicago Mute Circle.

All who were present at the Ephphatha Reception held by the Mute Circle at Farewell Hall Building last June, still keep pleasant recollections of its grand and splendid success. They said they wished they could expect a more successful reception or picnic next summer.

The Mute Circle met on Saturday, July 9th, at three o'clock P. M., and as no one was procured to lecture, they remained an hour and a half to have a social time. The number present was thirty.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 12th, thirty-five mutes assembled to listen to a sermon delivered by E. P. Holmes on his subject—"A Word with Young Men." His discourse was very good and clear.

The first lecture meeting of the Mute Circle was called to meet at the above named place at seven o'clock P. M. The number present was forty-five. A lecture on "Modern Agriculture," which was intended to be delivered by Lars M. Larson, was postponed at the request of the Mute Circle, in order to enable most of them a chance to go and get a glimpse of President Arthur at the Grand Pacific Hotel, where he stopped, when returning from the Yellowstone National Park in Montana Territory, on his way to the White House in Washington, D. C. Therest remaining over, had a social time. The number at this meeting was forty-five.

An unexpectedly large number assembled to hear a sermon delivered by Rev. F. Read, of the Deaf and Dumb State School at Jacksonville, Illinois. After an opening prayer, given by L. M. Larson, Rev. F. Read selected a text from St. John 10: 9, for his subject, and spoke very well, with impressive and clear illustrations for an hour and a half. It was a very interesting sermon, full of worthy advice in regard to character and life of people. The meeting closed with prayer by D. W. George, teacher of the above-named school, who had just stopped here from New York City where he attended the late National Deaf-Mute Convention. The number of all present counted seventy-five. After the meeting dispersed at five o'clock P. M., Rev. Read accepted an invitation to take tea with Prof. and Mrs. P. A. Emery. Messrs. Gallagher, Holmes and Larson and their ladies were also invited. After tea, the evening was pleasantly passed conversing on various subjects.

It has just been reported that there are to be nine schools for the instruction of the deaf only, this fall in this city.

X. X. X.

A Queer Case.

A DEAF-MUTE SEEKING HELP IN ALBANY AND UTICA.

The Albany Sunday *Press* says a heartless case of desertion was revealed in this city yesterday. The facts are as follows: It appears that among the passengers on the western train arriving in the morning was Mary Jones, of Utica, and her brother. The girl is a mute, was neatly dressed, and quite intelligent. Arriving in Albany her brother deserted her, leaving her unprovided for among strangers. The unfortunate girl went to the overseer of the poor, but being a resident of another county received no aid. Shortly after the noon hour she went to the Clinton square pharmacy where the proprietor, who was in a rear room, had his attention attracted by her groans. Coming forward he found the girl resting her head upon the counter. She handed him a paper bearing the following message in printed characters:

"My name is Mary Jones, and my brother brought me and then ran away from me. I have got to have some to help me to get something to eat, because I am so weak I can hardly work."

Mr. Cooper answered this by writing the following questions: "Are you ill? Where do you live? Have you any friends here?" To these she replied: "I have got to my heart disease and I am almost starved, and nobody will help me. Oh, dear! I am so weak, and I do want to go to my home in Utica."

Food was procured for the girl and money raised to pay her fare to Utica, for which place she started Saturday afternoon.

IN UTICA.

Saturday night a deaf-mute girl was found in the Utica depot by Officer Clark. She was taken to the police station. She conversod by means of writing, and told the officers that she had eaten nothing for three days. She said she had come from Waverly, N. Y., and was on her way home to Saratoga. She was taken to a restaurant and given supper, but ate little, putting the rest in a paper, and took it with her to the station. She gave her name as Clara Clark, and said her mind had been affected by scarlet fever. She did not want to be locked up, as she had not done anything. She was given a bed Saturday night and turned over to Charity Clerk Conrad on Sunday.

It is probable that is the same girl who was seen in Albany. If she has any friends they should take care of her.

Conference on Church Work.

NOTICE.

The Second Biennial American Conference on Church Work among the Deaf, will be held at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, beginning on Saturday, October 13th, 1884, at 3 o'clock P.M.

All persons who are actively engaged in such work in the Protestant Episcopal Church, as missionaries, lay-readers, etc., or who are officially connected therewith, as rectors, trustees, etc., are invited to take part in the Conference. The presence of all others interested, of whatever denomination, will be welcome.

Persons expecting to attend, and especially those having papers to offer, are requested kindly to inform the Secretary at their earliest convenience.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
Chairman
HENRY WINTER SYLE, *Secretary*,
202 Wallace St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

To The Silent Public.

We now announce that we are determined to abandon our attempted plans to start a North-Western Interstate Convention in Chicago, Illinois, in 1887, to celebrate the centennial birthday of Thomas H. Gallaudet, founder of deaf-mute education in America. Those letters which we sent to the Alumni Associations of Ohio, Illinois and Iowa, urging them to come to the above named convention, were approved of at their respective reunions during the year of 1882, and the one of the same kind sent to the Association of Michigan, has not yet been read to its reunion. All such plans are at once laid aside in favor of Washington, D. C., recently selected for the Third National Convention of Mutes to make a grand celebration in honor of our great and noble Father of the education of the deaf and dumb in America.

LARS M. LARSON,
Pres. M. D. M. A. A.
Sept. 10, 1883.

Notice to New Hampshire Deaf-Mutes.

The Annual Convention of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission will be held in Nashua, N. H., on the 6th and 7th of October, 1883. The Mission will meet for business in the Vestry of the Universalist Church, opposite the Tremont House, on Saturday, Oct. 6th, at 10 A.M., or if necessary at 2 P.M.

Notice of the place and time for Sunday Services will be given at the meeting Saturday, Oct. 6th.

Mutes and their friends living out of this State are very cordially invited to attend the Convention.

It is expected that Rev. Job Turner, of Virginia, will be present, and that Rev. Job Williams, of Hartford, Ct., will act as interpreter.

Board may be had at the Tremont House on Main St., for $1 per day.

Arrangements have been made with several Railroads for reduced rates as follows:—

On Concord R. R. round trip tickets will be sold at Concord, Hooksett and Manchester.

On Boston, Lowell, Nasbua and Keene Railroads, tickets will be sold at Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Salem, Amherst, Hancock Junction and Keene.

On Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountains R. R., and Worcester, Nashua & Rochester R. R., free return checks may be obtained from the Secretary of the Convention.

On Cheshire R. R. and Monadnock R. R., mutes must ask F. H. Kingsbury, General Ticket Agent, Keene, N. H., personally or by writing, for round trip tickets.

On Northern N. H. R. R., Concord and Claremont R. R. and Peterboro' and Hillsboro' R. R. round trip tickets will be sold to any mutes at any station on the same roads if they write to W. F. Simons, General Ticket Agent, Concord, N. H., early, or they can see the station matters or conductors early about the tickets. Return tickets will be good from October 6th to 10th.

Needed information can be had by writing to Varnum B. Wright, Nashua, N. H., care Gregg & Son.

Per Order
THOMAS BROWN,
Pres. G. S. D. M. M.
V. B. WRIGHT,
Secretary.

NEW YORK.

The Guild.

J. M. T. DAVIS AND HIS READY PISTOL.

Here and There About Gotham.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Guild of Silent Workers held the first meeting of its second year yesterday evening, in the basement of St. Ann's.

There were about thirty present, including nonmembers.

The secretary arriving late, the meeting began without any one to record, but as the President had only said a few words preliminary to getting down to business, it is possible that nothing transpired worth recording.

The minutes of the Annual meeting were read and adopted.

After this, the various committees reported, as also did the treasurer.

Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Entertainment Committee, announced that there would shortly be given a "Magic lantern exhibition," by a gentleman whose name he withheld. He also stated that the ladies were making preparations for an apron and necktie party. For the benefit of those who do not understand this kind of affair, we will state that one of the young ladies took us aside, and after expressing great sympathy for our "freshness," explained that the aprons were all of calico of a different pattern, and one was worn by each lady. The neckties were made from scraps clipped from the aprons, and each tie would match an apron. The ties would be wrapped in a paper and all placed in a basket. Each gentleman would then take one, place it round his collar, and then seek out the lady whose apron it matched, who would be his exclusive property during the party—to wait upon, to take to supper, and to dance with. The deaf-mute dudes and mashers will therefore be placed on an equal footing with the quiet and undemonstrative. What a cheerful prospect it will be—to have *one* lady cling to you like a blister the whole evening!

At the Manhattan Literary Association, on October 11th, Mr. E. A. Hodgson is to deliver a lecture, which will probably be about his recent trip to the Eastern Hemisphere.

J. M. T Davis and Ada Rezzani are again infesting the metropolis. The girl called at the Heyman Brothers' Cigar Factory, where she met the redoubtable Moses, who is known both near and afar for his gallantry to the ladies as well as for being the most fastidious silent dude of Gotham.

Miss Rezzani also dropped in at the factory where Frank Klingman captures the shekels by his deftness in rolling the fragrant Havana, but was summarily bounced. A short time after, Frank was called down stairs, where he met Davis. There was blood in his eye and a pistol in his pocket, and before Frank could recover from his surprise, Davis levelled the weapon at him, and told him if he did not apologize for insulting Ada Rezzani, he would put a bullet through him. The game was interrupted, however, by one of the clerks coming between them, and Davis went away muttering threats of vengeance. Frank says, he thought he was going to the Great Beyond, and did not get over his scare for an hour or two after.

The Manhattan Literary Association decided to hold another levee—not a masquerade—on the evening of Monday, December 31st, 1883, and the morning of January 1st, '84. Lyric Hall, 6th Ave., between 41st and 42d Sts., has been secured for the occasion.

The committee having the matter in charge consists of the following gentlemen: Mr. Charles O'Brien, Chairman, Messrs. Campbell and Ijams.

Deaf-mutes who attend, will have an opportunity to see the old year out and greet the new.

Last Thursday, Mr. Chas. O'Brien lectured before the Manhattan Literary Association.

The Catholic Literary Union have also secured a hall—one of the best known in New York City, for a reception on the evening of Thursday, January 31st, 1884.

The literary season with the above named society will open October 10th, with a debate on the following question, "Should female have the same educational advantages as males?" Affirmative, Messrs. Russell and Leonard; Negative, Messrs. O'Brien and Donohue.

On the evening of the 17th inst., there will be a lecture.

Last Sunday, Messrs. O'Brien and Donohue visited some lady friends in Brooklyn.

Alex Pach has struck this town—with hat and pants *a la* dude.

The Annual Reception of the "Original Dudes" took place yesterday (Wednesday) at Washington Park. The New York deaf-mute dudes were out in full force.

Francis Crorken is now working in the printing office of Brown & Wood, Vesey street.

The *Herald* Office Convention is still in progress. The Convention adjourns daily at 12:55, and re-assembles at 12:05 the next day. Poor fellows, they have to live on air.

James Russell attended Niblo's last Saturday, and pronounced "Excelsior" immense.

Dude No. 2 made his appearance last Sunday—still they come! X.

PROVIDENCE R I

FANWOOD.

School Boy Peculiarities

Prof. Lloyd's Departure.

Here and There About the Premises.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

With the opening of a school term, new pupils may be found in variety and abundance. They are generally at that halcyon period of existence when the mind is not exclusively concentrated upon the cultivation of a moustache, and their days of "mashing" are yet to be. Their lives heretofore have passed smoothly and contentedly. No forebodings of struggles to come have crossed the threshold of their imagination, and life at the Institution opens auspiciously.

At Fanwood, as in other deaf-mute schools of learning, the new-comer, or fledgling, is eyed with a patronizing glance by the motely crowd, is subject to a careful inventory by many score of eyes, and is "honored" with an impromptu (every thing deaf-mutes perform is alleged to be impromptu) sobriquet, according to the impression which his general appearance and demeanor creates. This sobriquet, by the way, is specially calculated to raise the ire of the unfortunate, if so he may be styled. His little heart rebels against the indignity, and his displeasure is manifest by the spasmodic doubling of the fingers and the planting of the bunch, regardless of ceremony, where, in his judgment, it will do the most execution.

While our supervisors are estimable young men, and perform their duty with a zeal worthy of imitation and—increased salary—there are moments in the lives of these public beneficiaries when it is the height of wisdom to be unconscious of passing events—a sort of semi-absent-mindedness as it were, and consequently in a display of anti-science between a "greeny" and an "old stager," the affair, by a queer coincidence, escapes the notice of every supervisor, until one or both of the principals experience a longing to retire and cogitate on the best method of explaining their general dilapidated appearance to their teachers when questioned. If, perchance, "Greeny" proves conclusively that he is eminently capable of taking care of himself, he is unanimously voted a "brick," and surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, who demonstrate their approval by soulful and tuneful thumps on the back—(sufficient punishment). If, on the other hand, he comes out second best, woe to his peace of mind until he retrieves the lost ground.

It must not be considered that pugnacity is a characteristic of our boys. On the contrary they are, as a rule, unobtrusive and gentlemanly in disposition. Manly and independent themselves, they simply desire to find out whether their future associates possess any of that essential article vulgarly designated "sand."

Dr. Peet left, the first of the week, for Louisville, Ky., to be present at the meeting of the Commissioners of Charities and Education.

A pleasant little party, embracing among its numbers Misses Hollister, Craig, Van Varick, Taylor, Logue and Flint; and Messrs. Lounsbury, Capelli, Rose, Durian, Fosmire and Porter, rowed over to Fort Lee in the large and roomy bath tub, affectionately called "Evangeline," on the afternoon of Saturday last. The large hotel was all but deserted, and the majority of the attractions of the place had vanished as the season was over, still the little party had a pleasant time, and reluctantly turned their faces homeward.

Jordan & Morarity, Bowery furniture dealers, receive the daily aid of John Reilly, Esq., late of the Lexington Avenue School.

Prof. Lloyd ended his labors here as a teacher on Thursday of last week. On Friday evening, his home was besieged by a farewell surprise party, consisting of his Institution (mute) friends, officers and teachers, and a very pleasant time was passed by those who, from necessity, reclined gracefully on soap boxes, etc., (the greater part of his furniture being packed up preparatory to removal) until nine o'clock, when refreshments were served. Mrs. Lloyd left our midst on Saturday. The Professor remains in town for a week or so, superintending the removal of his household effects and winding up his affairs generally, before entering upon a life of martyrdom—mosquitoes. He delivered his farewell sermon in the chapel Sunday morning last. He and his estimable young wife will be greatly missed by their circle of friends hereabouts. May the "skeeters" never make their shadows grow less.

Willie Fosmire has been employed on the Saratoga *Sentinel* during his vacation. He says that during the summer a mute named Hogben (not Hog pen) obtained "copy" on that paper, and if any one desires to see a curiosity he can be gratified by visiting the aforesaid office and inspecting Mr. Hogben's first and last proof in that establishment, which the foreman has posted on the wall to frighten visitors. It is a marvel of typographical inaccuracy. Deaf-mute typo botches are born, not made.

The father of A. L. Thomas, ex-postmaster of Catskill, N. Y., has opened a first-class hotel in that town. Many deaf-mutes visit the place annually, and we have no doubt that by stopping at Mr. T.'s house they will be well cared for.

Information has been received here that Isabella DeWillegar has secured a position in the book bindery of Weed, Parsons & Co., of Albany, N. Y., and has therefore reconsidered her decision of returning to school.

The ball of the High Class boys' dormitory is embellished by an eight-day clock. Very suggestive.

Alex Pach has heartlessly deserted Ocean Grove, and is again in Gotham.

Mrs. Carroll, sister of Mrs. F. D. Clarke, and who is at present stopping with the latter, received a pleasant call from Misses Lewis and Bryan on Thursday evening of last week.

Eighteen new "devils now paw the cracks in the floor of the printing office for "pi" daily. They swell the number of apprentices to forty-three.

One hour each day is devoted to the instruction of all the pupils in articulation.

Mr. Thomas F. Fox preached the afternoon sermon in place of Dr. Peet, Sunday afternoon last.

Thomas S. Marr, of Tennessee, who entered as a pupil at the commencement of the term, left school on Saturday.

CHIP.

A few Incidents in the Life of a Missionary in Minnesota.

The following account of the life of William McTavish is strictly true, and is published to give the readers of the JOURNAL some idea of the trials of a missionary in the wilderness. The only liberty I have taken with the account, which was furnished by the missionary himself, though not for publication in the JOURNAL, but for another purpose, is to abridge it and change his name to the way in which his forefathers, who were Scotch, spelled it.

William McTavish was born in Maryland, April 29th, 1812, and left home in his sixteenth year to serve an apprenticeship at the carpenter trade. Soon after he felt a strong desire to preach the Gospel, but his father, a gallant officer in the war of 1812, having been disabled by wounds, which rendered him incapable of doing much for his family, which was large, could not help him, so he was obliged to defer his intention of becoming a minister until later in life. After thouroughly learning his trade, William married. He still felt it his duty to preach, and so availed himself of every opportunity of gaining knowledge which fell in his way, until, in 1843, he was licensed to preach by the East Ohio Lutheran Synod. He took charge of congregations in Ohio for a time, and then went to Pennsylvania. He only remained in the latter state one year because his congregation persisted in drinking and manufacturing whiskey.

William McTavish was, and is very strict in his ideas of temperance, and afer protesting in vain against the practice, he left Pennsylvania for Ohio. His sacrifice to what he considered his duty, will be better understood when I say that from what I know of him and his family, I do not believe that when he resigned his charge, he knew where to lay his head. After his return to Ohio he took charge of a congregation, and remained in that state ten years, and then with his wife, six children and some friends, went to Minnesota, then a howling wilderness. The cholera broke out in the party, and several died. Mr. McTavish was sick, but recovered.

On his arrival in Minnesota, his wife and several of his children had the mumps, and their house was only a log hut, through the cracks of which (and it was full of cracks) the wind blew, their condition can be better imagined than discribed. To add to their troubles, money was very scarce-Mr. McTavish had pre-empted a farm, and after getting things into a little order, he says: "I purchased half a bushel of potatoes to plant for $2.50, one sack of flour for $7, and a few pounds of pork. After paying the bill, I had *one United States Dime left.*" "This was all my cash capital." Most men with a family to support would have been discouraged under such circumstances, but Mr. McTavish is a member of a very determined race, and decided to remain in Minnesota. Of course, his congregation assisted him as much as they could; but as they were all poor, they could not do do much.

Mr. McTavish preached wherever and whenever he could; often walking miles to do so. At one place where he preached, walking fifteen miles to do it; they paid him twenty dollars for two years, service. He says: "Everybody was poor, but they did what they could. One young man took me by the hand at the door after service, and said, 'I have always been in the habit of giving something to the minister, but I have no money. If you will accept a little sugar and coffee, and will come with me over to my pre-emption shanty, I will give you some.' He gave me about five pounds of good coffee, and seventeen pounds of brown sugar. Oh! how glad my family were when I reached home with these temporal blessings, for they were the first of these things we had had for a long time, and, of course, there was a general rejoicement around the family board." Mr. McTavish was not satisfied with his farm, and so, in 1856, pre-empted another near Owatonna, Minnesota. He had considerable trouble, and had to travel a long distance on foot before he could find a farm to suit him. Among other places, he went to Wilton on the Sesseur River. Hotels were then remarkable for their absence in Minnesota, but Wilton had one. Mr. McTavish thus describes it, "Approaching the bluff near the river, we espied a stove pipe projecting through and above the back, and rounding the hill we found the front of the hotel --a few pine boards nailed perpendicularly to a rude frame across the entrance, having one window and one door. The hotel proper was entirely underground." Rather different now, I fancy.

Several times, the McTavish family were almost on the point of starvation, owing to the destruction of the crops by storms. Mr. McTavish often walked fifty miles in order to preach to the scattered settlers. A full account of his life would fill the JOURNAL, so I am reluctantly compelled to select a few incidents. He says, "As yet I had no horse, and by walking to all my appointments, my time was pretty well taken up. On one occasion I was lost in the woods bordering on Straight River. These woods were, at that time, infested with both wolves and bears. Night came on, and I thought I would be compelled to spend its dark hours among these tall trees and dense tangle of undergrowth, but to my great relief I found a "blazed" line made by the Government surveying party. This I made out to trace by close inspection, and by feeling the bark with my hands, and in this manner found my way to a well-traveled road—that is, a timber road made by some persons who had timber lots, and spent the winter months in getting out timber, etc. Pursuing this road about half a mile, it brought me to the log shanty of a settler who gave me shelter for the night. On another occasion, I left home in a snow storm, and in trying to make my way to my destination, night came on, and this time I became lost on the open prairie. Having nothing to guide me, neither fence, house nor road, I struck as I supposed a straight line for Dodge City. Owing to the force of the wind and storm, I went too far eastward. About nine o'clock I came to a pre-emption shanty, but it was deserted, and as it had neither door nor window the snow had filled it to the depth of about two feet. There was a fire-place built of logs, but no fuel of any kind—I had matches, but could not build a fire, I now realized my perilous situation. I was at this time entirely calm and self-possessed, and thought what ought to be done. After a few moments' reflection, I came to the conclusion that I had better keep on walking slowly, so as not to exhaust myself, but, so as to keep from freezing. I started from the shanty as I thought in the right direction, and kept as I imagined a straight course, but after walking about half an hour what was my discomfiture to find myself against the deserted shanty, and despite all my efforts I returned to it three times, each time only making a wider circle. I thought it best to make at least one more desperate effort to reach the habitation of man. This time, by keeping the wind (which by the way was blowing a perfect hurricane from the northwest) directly on my back, although I did not think it was the right direction to take me to my destination, on I went, now becoming somewhat excited, the perspiration rolling down my face, which was covered by a good woollen wrap. The cold was intense, and this caused the formation of a thickness of ice about my neck and face, at least half an inch thick, which I was afterwards told, prevented me from freezing. 'Onward' was my motto, and often three hours' hard-walking, I espied between myself and the horizon a house. All was dark within, and I greatly feared it might be the forlorn shanty I had visited too often already, but soon to my great joy I saw smoke ascending from a stove-pipe, I hastened to the door—there was no window on the door-side, which accounts for my not seeing the welcome light within—and on rapping was admitted and passed the remainder of the night under shelter."

In addition to travelling on foot many miles every week to preach, Mr. McTavish, with the assistance of his sons, ran a farm, built a log-house and afterwards a frame one, worked where he could, in order to earn a little money for his family, and, in a word, was "Jack of all trades." He still lives, and at the age of seventy-one he writes me, "I still magnify mine office." A great many people seem to think that ministers have an easy life of it—good pay and nothing to do. Although all of them may not have as hard a life of it as Mr. McTavish, still their lives are by no means easy ones. Very few of them get large salaries, and all of them have to be at the beck and call of every one. People who neglect and revile them while in health and free from trouble, are generally the very first to call upon them for help or advice when the hour of trial comes.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Words of Wisdom.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

There are houses where people are bright without mistrusting it, there are others where people are stupid in spite of themselves.

In great cities we look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with motley, many-sided life of man.

Life, in its very essence, is movement and transition. Not what we have, but what we gain or lose; not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we came and whither we go, constitute its real interest and worth.

LOVELINESS.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beauteous thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE DEADLY PIE.

Summer in Cohoes.

The soft, rhythmic, sensuous swaying of a pair of striped stockings which hung in graceful fashion from a clothesline that flecked the horizon in the rear of Brierton Villa, and lent a warm tint to the turquoise bloom of the dreamy Italian sky that looked down in all its azure beauty that August morning, attracted the attention of Cecil Dare as he walked listlessly up the gravel path leading to the little rose-embowered summer-house in which he was to meet Clytie Corcoran—the proud, stately beauty to whom all these broad acres with their wealth of golden grain, orchards nodding with the weight of rosy-cheeked apples, and the old slab-sided family cow that had kicked Clytie's father into the great Beyond, of which we know so little and are not very anxious to find out more by personal exploration—would belong when the two months that must elapse before she became of age had passed.

And as he walked slowly along, his hands clasped behind him in such a fashion that the large, gaudy bone-spavin on the third finger of his right hand, which was all that was left to him of his college education as a third-baseman, did not show, one thought was in his mind, one care in his heart. But it was a bitter, biting, bug-in-the-cream-pitcher thought, and strive as he might to put it away, to forget even for an instant its haunting presence, the attempt was of no avail, and this man, proud in the possession of buoyant health, great physical strength, and mental vigor of no ordinary kind, felt that unless relief soon came to him, death, or even life in St. Louis, would be preferable to his present state of misery and haggard agony.

"Are you dreaming, darling?" and as Cecil Dare looked up in surprise at the sound of the voice whose tones he knew so well, Clytie Cocoran stood by his side, and before he could answer her question she had placed her shapely arms around his neck and pressed with her dewy lips upon his cheek a warm, throbbing, there-is-no-danger-as-long-as-you-grab-the-chair kiss that seemed to him like a benediction.

"And you are late, too," continued the girl, looking more beautiful than ever as she stood there, the sun glints that came down through the white-crowned blossoms of the apple trees seeming to kiss the coronet of golden hair that lay in simple, door-knob fashion on the queenly head, while the wind—sweet breath of the morning—brought to her dimpled cheeks the rosy flush that only perfect health and the right kind of face-powder can give. "You are nearly three minutes behind time, and if you knew how dreary and desolate those moments have been to me, how my heart has been tortured by agonizing doubts and fears, I am sure you would not, if you loved me, ever be so cruel again."

"Forgive me, my precious one," said Cecil in low, murmurous tones as he bent lovingly over the girl and pressed a cold, calm, Historical Society kiss on a brow that was fair as the cyclamen leaves in the woods around them. "I will never be late again."

"And I will never leave you, "said the girl, "when the maddening ecstasy of our love has found fruition in marriage, I will be always by your side until death"——

"Hold! Do not speak of death," cried Cecil, drawing her still more closely to him. "I had such a terrible dream that I shudder even now when I think of it."

"What is it, sweetheart," asks Clytie.

"I dare not tell you," he answers, his voice sounding almost like a moan, so greatly is he affected.

"But you must tell me," she perists. "Surely you can trust me, your future bride, with any secret."

"It was nothing," he says, trying to laugh away the horror that even the thought of the dreadful vision had called up to his face.

"But I insist on knowing," she says," and if you do not tell me I shall know that you do not love me as you say, that you do not trust me fully, religiously, implicitly as I do you. Oh, Cecil, is this kind of you, indeed it is not! I have lain my whole heart bare to you, given to you the one and all-absorbing passion of a pure woman's first and only love. I have had no secrets from you. I have told you everything, even about the corn on my little toe. Is it not so?" And as she stands looking up to him with wistful eyes in which the mists of sorrow are gathering, he feels that to doubt her love, to refuse her any confidence, would be worse than a crime, it would be a sacrifice.

"I will tell you then, precious one," he says, "but you must be brave—very brave."

"I will," she answers.

"I dreamed," he said, "that we were married, but had become very, very poor—too poor, in fact, to keep even one servant, and that you, my bonny little blossom, that had never before known want, or sorrow, or sufferring, were obliged to do all your own household work."

"But there is nothing so terrible about that," interrupts Clytie. "I am young and strong."

"Wait," he says, in a ghastly whisper. "I dreamed that on the first day of our poverty you made some pie—apple pie—and told me nothing about it——" and Clytie sees his face grow paler as all the horror of the scene presses upon him.

"Well?" she says, interrogatively.

"I ate a piece of the pie," he continues, "and—can you not guess?"

"My God!" shrieks the girl, in an agony of grief. "How long did you live?"

"Fifteen minutes"—and, kissing her tenderly, he said: "We must part forever, Clytie. It would be wrong to take such chances. Am I not right, sweetheart?"

Looking into his face with a yearning, passionate expression that showed how her heart was being riven by this terrible experience, she said with clinched hands and lips white with agony: "I should smirk to twitter."—*From "On the Brink," by Murat Halstead.*

The Strange But True Adventure of a Chicago Lady.

Some time ago the wife of a merchant was suddenly awakened in the night by the sound of footsteps in her bed-room, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. Her husband was from home, and the only person in the house except herself was a servant girl, who slept in the story beneath. Her presence of mind did not, however, forsake her. It doubtless requires a great amount of resignation and fortitude in a woman to listen to, without screaming, the ransacking of her store of valuable laces and the appropriation of her jewelry; but the lady, very rationally deeming her life worth all the lace and diamonds in the world, quietly closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face, and she heard the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless, nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar fanned her cheek. Not till his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shriek, "Who is in this room?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder: "Speak nothing and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone she sprang from the bed and touched a lighted match to the burner, then sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed. Recovering, she looked round to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers were all in the utmost confusion, but strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and gold were all there. Beside the casket she discovered a little roll of paper containing a ring which had been given to her many years before, and which had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about to cast the paper from her when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it and read:

The ring, which once was mine, tells me in whose house I am. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it; but, fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you.

HENRY.

This explained all. Falling on her knees, she prayed for him who had written the scroll. And who was "Henry?" Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, and he would have made her his wife—for she had promised to be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in a convict prison. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband, the wife related to him the adventure and showed him the note; but he never attempted to arrest the burglar.—*Chicago Tribune.*

All those who know their mind do not know their heart.

The more nature is sad, the more the hearthstone is dear.

He will easily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

There is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

Two Inches From Death.

The engineer of the train which reaches this city from Norristown at 11 o'clock at night, had a thrilling experience on Wednesday. His train left Norristown with every prospect of reaching Ninth and Green streets station on time and without incident worth mention. The train was rushing on at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and was within half a mile of Conshohocken, when the watchful engineer was horrified at seeing a man lying within a hundred yards ahead apparently on the rail. The air-brakes were put down, the engine reversed and every effort made to stop the train before the wheels reached the man's head. It was too late. On the engine rushed—on a hundred yards before the train could be stopped. When it came to a stand-still, the conductor, engineer, and a number of passengers went back to pick up the mangled remains of the unfortunate victim. Imagine their surprise upon discovering that the man was neither dead nor mangled, but sleeping quietly alongside the track, not at all disturbed by the racket which had been recently made by the passing train. His head was on a tie not more than two inches from the rail, and the wheel of the train must have passed over it within less than that distance. His body was stretched along the sleepers just outside the rail. The conductor woke him up roughly, and asked him what he meant by thus courting such a horrible death. "I don't want nothing but a little nap," said he," and I don't see why a feller can't sleep out in the air in the country without getting hauled about like he was a thief."

When the danger of his position was pointed out to him, he only said: "Well, I guess I had better get off a little further." He was finally driven off, and warned not to attempt such a nap again. He went off grumbling and not grateful. Engineer Ober says he never saw such a man. "I believe," said he, "that that fellow could not sleep on top of one of the volcanoes of Java during an earthquake."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Pilgrimage To Mecca.

In view of the fact that the French Government is actually considering the expedience of jointly occupying the Holy City of Mecca with other civilized powers, in the hope of so controlling the yearly pilgrimages thither as to prevent the engendering and spread of cholera epidemics, the New Orleans *Times* notes some curious facts connected with this custom.

This pilgrimage belongs to the class of *Ferd*, or divine ordinances obligatory upon every Mahometan once during life. None of either sex are exempted unless by reason of extraordinary poverty; even a blind man is bound, if he has means, to hire a guide to take him to the Kaaba. Each one must take with him not only sufficient means for his journey, but also something for charity; and moreover he must, before his departure, leave his family sufficient means for support during his absence, which sometimes, even in these days of steamers and railroads, lasts a year. And so heinous is it considered to neglect this pilgrimage that the Moslem doctors at one time discussed the advisability of putting all to death who refrained from performing it.

On the other hand, the prophet has promised the following heavenly graces to all who piously make the journey:

"Whosoever entereth Mecca shall depart therefrom pure as a new-born child."

"One prayer at Mecca is worth 100,000 prayers uttered elsewhere."

"One day of fast at Mecca shall be held worth a fast of 100,000 days elsewhere."

"One almsgiving at Mecca to the amount of but one dirhem, shall be recorded in heaven as equal to alms of 100,000 dirhems."

"And each single good action there performed shall be held equal to 100,000 good deeds wrought elsewhere."

Furthermore it is believed that all who die in the neighborhood of Mecca, or even of Medina, shall dwell in Paradise, and that at the day of judgment the cemeteries of the pilgrims will be lifted up to heaven. The Prophet himself said that from the two cemeteries of Mecca 70,000 dead will enter into Paradise without having to render an account to God, and that each of these may take with them into heaven 70,000 dead; "their faces shall shine like the full moon."

The kissing of the Black Stone, which has two eyes and a tongue, and will at the last day cry out to God the names of all who had not kissed it; the circuit of the Kaaba itself, built where angels pitched the tent of God before man was created, and whose gracious name signifies the rounded smoothness of a maiden's ankle; the pilgrimage to the well Zem-Zem, created by God to slake the thirst of Ishmael after Hadjra (Hagar) had run seven times from Safa to Merouah, in memory whereof pilgrims do still run seven times from one hill to the other; the casting of twent-one stones at the hillock of Dijemaral-el-Aakaba, entirely formed of stones thus thrown, in memory of the stones flung by Issac at the devil, together with other curious ceremonies, are all performed with the same precision as inculcated by Mahomet himself during his last visit to the holy city.

"Great dangers are often feared less den little ones," says Uncle Mose. "A cow'll git outen de way quicker fur a hoss den she will fur a railroad train."

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